Vol. V. Numb. 4.

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Country-man *in a Mad Fit falls foul on the* Pope. *Remarks on Mr.* Stephens's *Recantation. Of the* Rehearſal's *Lies about Mr.* Stephens's *Book. The* Country-man's *Remarks on the* Rehearſal.

From **Wednesday** March the 27th, to **Saturday** March the 30th, 1706.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, I am Mad again.

Obſ. If thou art ſo often troubl'd with Mad Fits in Cool Weather, what wilt thou be by *Midſummer?* That Moon will affect thee at a ſtrange Rate. What art thou Mad at now?

Country-m. At the ſame thing, the *He-Whore* of *Babylon*, Gaffer *Pope*, the *Lucifer* on Earth: I'll call'n as many Names as I can Invent, let who will ſay to the contrary.

Obſ. What new Crime has he been Guilty of that raiſes thy *Indignation?*

Country-m. Why, Maſter, you know but t'other Day, that his *Nuncio* in *France* abuſed our *Queen* by Treating his *Pretended Britannick Majeſty*, that is, the *Welſh Perkin*; and now he has Declared *War* againſt the whole *Confederacy:* Here it is on the Honeſt *Flying-Poſt*; 'tis ſaid, *That the* Pope *has ſent a Breviat to the Biſhops of* Cazal *and* Vercelli, *commanding them to deliver to the* French *what Neceſſaries t ey ſhall want to carry on the Seige of* Turin *and* Aſti. Is not this a downright Declaration of *War?* Is not this Aiding and Aſſiſting the Enemies of the *Confederates?* My Righteous Spirit riſes at it.

Obſ. Indeed, *Country-man*, the Behaviour of the *Pope*, during this *War*, has been ſuch, that all Men of Senſe have wonder'd it has met with no greater Reſentment. The preſent *Confederacy* is no *Holy League:* We have no *Religious War.* The *Allies* differ as much in Point of *Religion*, as they agree in maintaining the *Ballance of Europe*; and I can find no Reaſon why the *Pope* ſhould, in this *War*, be conſider'd by the *Allies* as a *Pontifex Maximus*, an *Infallible Tripple-Crown'd Religioſo*, but as a *Temporal Prince.*

We'll conſider the *Pope* under both his Capacities: We'll conſider both his *Eccleſiaſtical* and *Civil Power.* The *Proteſtant Powers* concerned in the *Alliance* have nothing to do with him in his *Religious Capacity:* Let him go on, in the Devils Name, to gull thoſe Ignorant Devotes that own his Juriſdiction, that's nothing of Moment to them: But if he can, by his *Temporal Power*, command Potentates to Aid and Aſſiſt the Common Enemy, againſt whom we are Confederated, with all Neceſſaries of *War*; if he can lay his Injunctions upon 'em, ſo as to make them Declared Enemies againſt us, we can never know how many Enemies we ſhall have, and conſequently not know how to proportion our Forces againſt 'em.

Now if the *Popiſh Powers* Confederated with us have other Obligations to the *Pope* than we have, if he be to them a *Noli me tangere*, he is not ſo to us. We don't account it *Sacrilidge* to Gut St. *Peters* at *Rome*, to Plunder the *Vatican*, and Melt down their *Images*; nor can I eſteem it an Infringement of the Treaty of *Alliance*, if the *Proteſtant Powers* engaged in it ſhould Declare againſt the *Pope*, as he has Declared againſt them; for he is become their Common Enemy, and a Formidable one too, ſince his *Power* and *Influence* extends it ſelf over ſo vaſt a Tract of the Theatre of *War.*

I could ſay a great deal more, *Roger*, on this Head; but for ſafety ſake I ſhall be Silent; and, therefore, call another *Cauſe.*

Country-m. If I am a little touch'd with *Madneſs*, you are much more infected with *Cowardice.* However I'll move another Point; what do you think of Mr. *Stephens*'s Recantation.

Obſ. 'Tis Common Juſtice to a Mans ſelf, and the Party injured, to Recant an *Error*; and I believe the Duke of *Marlborough* to be ſo much a *Gentleman* and a *Chriſtian*, as to forgive Mr. *Stephens*, were there nothing more in it than a Perſonal Injury.

I was much concerned for Mr. *Stephens*, when I find him in his Letter to Mr. *Ridpath*, call his own Book a *Scandalous and Groundleſs Libel:* If it were *Groundleſs* and *Scandalous* why did he Write it? The *Actions* of ſo Great a Man as the Duke of *Marlborough* ought not to be *Cenſur'd* but upon due Enquiry, and the moſt certain and evident Proofs. 'Tis true the laſt *Summer* there happen'd ſome Diſappointments in the *Army*, which all Mankind could wiſh had not been; but to charge them to the Dukes Account is as *Barbarous* as it is contrary to *Reaſon.* We ought to think again and again on ſuch an Affair; to think amiſs of the Duke who, the Year before, had given us ſo great a Proof of his *Courage*, *Conduct*, *Fidelity* and *Bravery*, ſeems to be a force upon Opinion it ſelf. For my part, when I heard the Accounts of thoſe Diſappointments, I carefully Examined the *Foreign Prints*, compar'd one with the other, the Accounts of *Enemies* as well as *Friends*; and upon the whole I could not find the leaſt Suſpicion of his Graces *Conduct* or *Integrity*; and whoever reads his Graces Letter on that Affair, in what Pathetick Terms and Demonſtrations of real Grief he bewail'd thoſe Diſappointments, muſt believe that his Sorrow was as great as thoſe could be Prejudicial. Where great Commanders have done Nothing for the *Publick Safety*, our Opinions may be looſe and ſoon determin'd; but ſo much *Perſonal Merrit* ought to Command the *Thought*, and make us *Ruminate* how ſo great a *Change* could happen, ſeemingly contrary to *Nature* it ſelf.

Mr *Stephens* ſays, *'Twas his Misfortune too Inadvertently to hearken to what was ſaid laſt Summer by thoſe who took Pleaſure in telling News, and giving Ill Turns to all Events.* Who theſe People were

were I can't tell; but I know no Reason why any *Honest Man* should keep such Company, or if he did so, to make a Book upom Common Discourse. He tells us lower, *That upon this Account he has forfeited the good Opinion and Patronage of all those that wish well to their Country; that they have cast him off with Indignation,* &c. But it seems to me, that Mr. *Stephens* had left his Old Friends, the *Whigs*, and got into other Company, where he got these *Notions*; for, I am sure, among the *Whigs* no such Things were ever Talk'd.

Indeed I am heartily sorry for Mr. *Stephens:* First, Upon the Account of his *Credulity:* Next, On the Account of his *Publication:* And Lastly, That he should Write what he durst not Own and Plead at *Bar*; that he should not only Expose himself, but show a Meanness of Spirit unbecoming his former Character.

Upon the whole, *Country-man*, 'tis good for us all to keep in the Station the Providence of *God* has appointed us. When we go out of those Bounds we cannot expect his Protection: A *Minister* of the *Gospel* has enough to do to look after his own *Soul*, and the *Souls* of those Committed to his Charge. The *Clergy* have been ever *Wretched Politicians*; and when they have deviated from their own *Callings* to *Secular Affairs*, they have seldom miss'd of creating *Misfortunes*, either to the *Publick* or themselves.

And here I cannot help Seconding Mr. *Ridpath* in his Attack upon the *Rehearsal*, who lies purdue, and watches Opportunities to *Slander* the *Revolution Party*, every thing that is amiss he lays to their Charge; and the *Papishes*, with their Brethren the *High-Flyers*, rejoyc'd at this Miscarriage of Mr. *Stephens*, and Huff'd and Boun 'd about it, in their *Rehearsal*, as if they had discover'd a *Plot* would Ruin all the *Whigs* and *Dissenters* in *England*.

Now Mr. *Stephens*, by his *Recantation*, has fully convinc'd the World that the *Revolution Party* were no *Confederates* with him. What will the *Rehearsal* and the *Faction* say to the Point?

Country-m. They'll Lye on, and say That the *Book* was Written by a *Party* of *Whigs* and *Dissenters*; That Parson *Stephens* Shams the matter; they'll Vouch it to be True; nay, if need be, they'll Swear it, That they saw the Persons that Wrote it in Consult together; and for all this, their Head and Director, the *Pope*, can give 'em *Absolution*.

Obs. Country-man, the *Rehearsal* has the least Reason of any to take Notice of Mr. *Stephens:* What he has done amounts to a *Scandalum Magnatum*, and if he had said the *Truth* every Body would have Thank'd him for his Discovery; for none can do better Service to the *Queen* and *Realm*, than those who detect the *Evil Practices* of Men in *Offices*; nay, 'tis their Duty to the *Queen* and *Realm* so to do: if thing of that Nature occur to their Knowledge. Mr. *Stephens* has Abused but one Single Great Man in Power; but the *Rehearsal*, for some Years together, has Wrote against the *Queens Right* to the *Crown*, the *Revolution*, the *Authority* and *High-Priviledge* of *Parliament*, and the *Liberties* of *Englishmen*. Now, Mr. *Stephens* being *Prosecuted* does not make him the greater *Criminal*, and the *Rehearsal* not being *Prosecuted* does not make him the less *Innocent*, *Sic fata trahunt*, 'tis the Misfortune of the One, and the good Luck of the Other. Thus the Wheel of *Fortune* moves; and who can help it? But 'tis somewhat Irregular, that an Enemy to the *Queen* and *Realm* should every Week pick all the *Scandal* in the *Kingdom* and throw it at the *Queens* best Friends.

Country-m. Master, I find you are not very well, and therefore, if you please, I'll speak a little about this *Priest*, the Author of the *Rehearsal*. You know a while ago he declared himself a *Papish*: and now, in his Libel umb. 91. he Vindicates the *Papishes*, *Tooth* and *Nail*. He tells you, *That whoever speaks against 'em, speaks against the Queen, and that they are no Friends to Her Majesty, that say we have* Papishes *come into* England *upon Evil Designs, or that they have insulted the* Protestants, *notwithstanding the* Lancashire *Petition to the Parliament, and the Unanimous Address of the Commons to the Queen to put the Laws in Execution against them.* This is Arraigning the Wisdom of the Nation, and telling the Parliament they Address'd Her Majesty about nothing; oh rare *Nonjuring-Priest* that can say what he pleases

But, Master, I can't chuse but observe what his Booby of a *Country-man* says, *viz. To whom shou'd Kings and Queens, and Parliaments be Accountable? It can be to none but to the* Whigs *and* Dissenters; *for the* High-Church *disclaims any such Authority over their Kings or Parliaments, unless you will let the* Low-Church *come in for a Snack with the* Whigs *and* Dissenters, *as Partizans of the* Deposing Doctrines.

This is such a very Tool of a *Rehearsal*, it makes a Body Sick to Read him. *The* High-Church *disclaims any such Authority over their Kings or Parliament.* Bless me, who can help Laughing? A *High-Church King*! Where is that *Monster*? A *High-Church Parliament*! That's *Dead, Dead, Dead.* Well, but where is this *High-Church King*? In the Name of *Antichrist* let's find him out! Oh, I have him now, at St. *Germains*, sitting on a Brick Throne under a Canopy of Tiles, the mighty *Perkin.* Well, but for the *High-Church Parliament*! Aye, 'tis there too, it sat but 'tother Day, and the *Popes Nuncio* was Speaker, *Lesley* was Voted their Chaplain as soon as the *Faction* could Equip him and send him over. They pass'd a few Bills to raise Money to enable his *Perkinship* to Buy *Custards* and *Cheese-Cakes*, and a few private Bills for the Advantage of the Speaker, and so they adjourned till such time as the Devil should bring 'em together again.

But de'ye mark Master, *High-Church disclaims all Authority over their Kings or Parliaments.* But not over their *Queens. Lesley* disclaims all Obedience to Her Majesty by refusing the Oaths, which affirms his Authority. The *Faction* in their *Memorial* did so too, and asserted their Authority over Her Majesty, by threatning to *Rouse* their *Natures* against Her and Her Ministry. These are fine Creatures, pritty Sticks of Wood to make Rafters in the *Romish Church.*

Come, Master, we'll ha' done with 'em at present, and go to Bed with a Bumper to Old *England*, its *Ancient Laws* and *Liberties*, in Opposition to *Popery* and *Priest-Craft*, *Nonjurors*, *Tackers*, *Memorialists*, and all that are against our Gracious *Queen* and Her *Government*.

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* She is Removed from the *Glass-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-against Great Turn-Stile, in *Holbourn*.

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